

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 258. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1848.

PRICE 1½d.

NATIONALITY.

NATIONALITY is one of the most mischievous words in the dictionary. It has occasioned the bitterest wars related in history, and at this moment is setting all Europe by the ears. Peace—wealth—home—family: these trifles may go, and their moan is soon made, but let us fight to the last for our nationality! I wonder what nationality means?

A nation being an aggregate of individuals, its mind must be formed of numerous different opinions and shades of opinion, and its manners exhibit the same variety. One would think that there could be no common rallying-point here; but the fact is otherwise. One aggregate is different from another aggregate, just as one individual is different from another individual; and climate, soil, government, and a thousand other and more obscure circumstances, give a distinguishing tone even to the diversities of a nation. Among these circumstances, not the least, perhaps, is physical constitution, transmitted, as regards a people, in the same way as family likeness, moral and personal. It matters not what difference there may be in the social condition of the members of the community; rich and poor, noble and mean, all bear a certain resemblance to each other, and all have done so from the first period of their congregation. The fighting Roman of ancient times was not more different from the trading Carthaginian, than is the volatile Frenchman of to-day from the steady Englishman. Nationality, therefore, or nationalness, as it used to be written, is the expression of the common idiosyncrasy; it is, in fact, the egotism of a nation.

An individual who does not assert his own rights, cannot love right for itself; and if he is tender of the rights of others, this can only spring from fear or temporary interest. It is not the assertion of right, however, that constitutes egotism, but the assertion of self in totality. An egotist values a thing because it is his; an opinion, because it is he who holds it; and not on account of any intrinsic worth or wisdom in what he values. Such a character is devoted to ridicule by the common consent of mankind; and perhaps it is time to inquire whether there is anything that should exempt the egotism of a nation from being placed in the same category. May not the reverence with which we view nationality arise in some degree from our moral perceptions being confused by its complication?

When a smaller nation is absorbed in a greater, before weeping over ruined nationality, or girding on our sword to fight in its rescue, we should inquire what general civilisation has gained by the revolution, and what the individual sufferer has lost. Perhaps it has lost a bad government; perhaps it has been freed from feudal oppression; perhaps it has been removed from a position in which society made, and could make, no

progress. In this case nationality is mistaken; as mistaken as the Scotch at Culloden; as mistaken as the Highlanders when they refused to abandon their unseemly costume and antiquated language, because these were their own. But nationality rarely reasons. A serf fights for his collar as bitterly as a noble for his estate. At the famous partition of Poland, the country was the property of a handful of landowners, and the masses of the people were merely animals of burden belonging to the soil. But what of that? The serfs were Poles, and they rallied round the national flag, and fought and died in thousands for a cause to which they could not give even the name of liberty. Such is Irish nationality at this hour. The people, starved or neglected by a body of incompetent and generally heartless landlords, desire to have a king and a parliament of these landlords, as a panacea for all their ills!

If there is a mistake, it may be possible to discover what it is. Let us at least stir up the subject. Let us look behind the folds of that worn and clotted standard, beneath which so much blood has been shed, and try to find out what they hide.

The Spartans, in a moral point of view, were perhaps the most distinguished people of antiquity, and they had likewise the most nationality. Their little state was the object of universal admiration: contemporary historians conceded to them the superiority over all the Greeks; they carried on for ages a career of unexampled prosperity; and when ancient Sparta was at an end, and they had entered into the régime of the modern world, the remains of their impetus carried them on through the system of states that perished under the Macedonian rule, and afterwards through those of the Achaean league, till they were the last community of Greece which sunk into village insignificance in the empire of Rome. During a great part of their long and lofty career, the nationality of the Spartans must have been of the true sort; and it must have been only by slow degrees that it became diluted or travestied by the contaminations of the vulgar world. Here, then, we may obtain some light. Let us inquire what this peculiar nationality was, and in what it differed from the obviously mistaken nationalities of our own time.

But do not be alarmed. There is no occasion for a dissertation on the institutions of ancient Sparta. The Spartans were not half so proud of their red or purple garments as the Highlanders were of their kilts. They were a little partial, perhaps, to black broth (the national kail or parrich), but even this they would not have made the watchword of liberty. They would not have died for the soup on which they lived, turning away with sickness from turtle and mulligatawny. Their pride was in matters of quite a different sort; and how could it have been otherwise with a people to whom the neighbouring communities sent for

counsellors and commanders, as to a general nursery of statesmen and warriors? Would these governments have sent in the hour of their need to invoke the aid of men who wore red coats, or who were adepts in eating black broth? The nationality of the Spartans was no materialism like this. It was moral and intellectual. It prided itself on energy, penetration, bravery, generosity, and self-denial; and a devotion of this kind was found in practice to withstand the revolutions of Greece, and the wear and tear of ages.

'When I observed,' says Xenophon, 'that this nation, though not the most populous, was the most powerful state of Greece, I was seized with wonder, and with an earnest desire to know by what arts it attained its pre-eminence; but when I came to the knowledge of its institutions, my wonder ceased. As one man excels another, and as he who is at pains to cultivate his mind must surpass the person who neglects it, so the Spartans should excel every nation, being the only state in which virtue is studied as the object of government.' What the virtue of that people was, it is foreign to my present purpose to inquire. Let us be satisfied with knowing that it belonged to the character, not the position; that it was moral, not physical; that it did not depend on forms, or dynasties, or native localities, but that, if dispossessed, by force of arms, of their country, the retreating sound of the Spartan life would have led its unchanged denizens to found a new empire upon new ground, and radiate freedom and wisdom over a new circle of admiring neighbours.

To come from aggregates to individuals: what do we think of the man whose egotism refers only to his coat, or his horse, or his house, or his estate? Do we think much better of him in whom it points to family antiquity, going back perhaps to the progenitor whose talent and valour won those advantages of which his descendant can only boast? In fact, in the case of individuals we have no difficulty. It is only when we come to national complications that we are puzzled, and confound names with things. When a man loses in speculation a house for which he has a high value, either because it was his own acquisition, or because it had been the seat of his family for centuries—or if the house is forcibly removed, to make way for a road or other public benefit—we may pity him for the misfortune, but we never suppose that he has been injured in his moral self. He is the same man as before, with the same moral qualities, the same intellectual powers. Nothing has been changed but those external things in which the experience of the world shows their possessors have no perpetual property. A new shifting of places has occurred, a new arrangement been made—and that is all: perhaps the small revolution turns out for the general good, and we console ourselves with the idea, that private losses are public gains.

The fortunes of nations, or aggregates of individuals, are looked upon with a different eye. With them everything is to be permanent. Institutions good, bad, and indifferent, must remain intact. The territory lost in the chances of war, or swallowed up in a new system of states, having been once theirs, must be theirs in right for ever. Discontent with the changed order of things is virtue; insurrection, however utterly hopeless, heroic; and when the masses of the people wilfully remain, age after age, idle, filthy, and starving, we lament their misfortunes, and honour their patriotism.

There can be no watchwords more respectable or more glorious, when properly used, than 'country' and 'liberty'; but under these names we fight as often for shadows as realities. When called upon to lament a thing that is lost, we should inquire, in the case of nations, just as we do in that of individuals, what is its value? The answer will be received in both cases from the manner and aspect of those who demand our sympathy; for if they have no qualities worthy of respect, they can have lost nothing that deserves to be deplored. It is needless to apply these observations at present to

any case in particular. We would rather wait till the grand shuffling of the cards is over which is now going on in Europe, and then look at the state of the game.

In the meantime, we would confine ourselves to protesting against the abuse of the word 'nationality,' which really refers to those qualities of a people which defeat cannot take away, and not to external circumstances, perpetually changing in the onward movement of society. Misconception on this point is full of practical mischief. It hinders us from understanding history, and therefore from benefiting by its lessons. It distorts and travesties contemporary events, and fills the world with illusions. Even in private life it obscures our perceptions, and prevents us from distinguishing right from wrong. It invests *our own country* and *our own countrymen* with a fantastic and unreal eminence which provincialises and vulgarises us. If our particular nation is distinguished for anything good or great, let us unite the ideas of the thing and its qualities, and form of that union the standard of our nationality. Thus we shall no longer be confused by associations, and swindled by names, but possess a test whereby to know whom to recognise as compatriots or reject as aliens. L. R.

STORY OF NICHOLAS DECHAMP.

It was towards the close of the year 1695, at a time when many of the fairest districts of France were being abandoned by thousands of their most industrious inhabitants, in consequence of the persecutions engendered by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that a small trading vessel, which had sailed ten days previously from the coast of Bretagne, came to an anchor off the harbour of Greenock. At that period, any arrival from a foreign country was an event of universal interest to the population of this then modest little seaport; but in the present instance, that interest was greatly enhanced when it became known that the vessel in question had sailed from the shores of France, and that she conveyed as passengers some of the individuals who were obliged to flee from their native land in consequence of the impolitic bigotry of Louis XIV.

These, however, were but two in number—one a man rather under the middle stature, who had evidently long passed the meridian of life, but who still appeared to possess much energy of character and physical activity; the other a little black-eyed brunette of seven or eight years of age, naturally, it could be observed, of a lively and happy disposition, but upon whose youthful features there lingered the marked traces of recent sorrow or fatigue. It was evident to the beholder that they were parent and child.

The first-mentioned was Nicholas Dechamp, an ardent member of the Protestant party in France. He had been for many years established as a paper-manufacturer in the vicinity of the Loire, and had by honest industry succeeded in acquiring a little fortune, when every sense of security, either for himself or his property, was dissipated by that blighting act of intolerance to which we have just referred. At this period he had been for some time a widower; and of a once numerous family, all that now remained to him was one solitary flower—the last come, and the last preserved—his youthful daughter Elise. Obligated to abandon his home and business, he had hastily realised a small portion of his property and had with his child secured a passage in a vessel bound for the Clyde—a destination to which he was directed in a great measure by accident.

It may easily be conceived that this sudden reverse of fortune was felt as a severe infliction by Dechamp, especially when he looked on his young companion, and thought of the hardships she might be required to undergo. But he was a man of a stout heart; he felt that he suffered in a good cause, and was buoyed up by the cheerful hope that he would not be altogether deserted in his calamity. His eye had not long rested

upon the rugged mountains of the north, when he began to dream over what might yet be his—a quiet home in the land of the stranger, of which his fondly-loved child should be the presiding genius, to sweeten with her affection the days of his declining age.

Despite the difficulties to be encountered by a foreigner, from his ignorance of the language of the inhabitants and other causes, Dechamp had not long set foot in Greenock before he had the good fortune to make several friends, by whom he was encouraged in the design which he had entertained, soon after his arrival, of endeavouring to prosecute his business in the west of Scotland. With this object in view he set out, accompanied by his young companion, from whom he could not part, on a tour of observation; and after having paid a visit, among other places, to the flourishing city of Glasgow, he eventually found himself in a secluded corner on the banks of the river Cart, at no great distance from the historically-celebrated field and village of Langside. Here it was that, after having made the necessary arrangements with the proprietor of the ground, he resolved to take up his abode, with the view of commencing what was almost an entirely new branch of industry in Scotland—the manufacture of paper; a commodity for which this country was at that period chiefly indebted to the Dutch.

Dechamp's beginnings were necessarily on a very limited scale, and, as was to be expected, he had many difficulties to overcome; but his perseverance and industry were unbounded, and these eventually led him on the way to success. Having succeeded in the first step requisite—that of procuring a residence, with adjoining premises, which, by a little alteration, were made available to his purpose—his next proceeding was to collect a supply of the raw material, as it may be called, necessary to his undertaking. With this view he was accustomed, as is still mentioned in oral records, to perambulate the neighbouring districts, visiting the guidwives of the farmers and cotters, and somewhat astonishing them by his inquiries for old rags, often telling them in his broken English that however soiled and apparently worthless, he would 'Buy dem all, and make dem very good for de lily-vite paper.'

It would appear that he was very soon successful in convincing the good people of the country around that it was their interest to follow his advice, and that in due time he was enabled to commence operations with a sufficient accumulation of materials, and a fair promise of future supplies. At first, his progress was slow and tedious, but having by degrees engaged a few assistants, who were willing to be instructed in the mysteries of this novel employment, he began gradually to experience the onward current of success; and so steadily did it bear him along, that in the course of a few years he found himself at the head of a very flourishing business, possessed of much enlarged manufacturing premises, and all that could be desired in a comfortable domestic establishment.

Ever since his settlement in the vicinity, he had become a regular attender in the parish church of Cathcart; yet he seems, while enjoying a certain measure of their respect, to have been for a considerable period regarded with some feelings of distrust by the majority of the simple-minded rustics who worshipped with him in that temple. He was a Frenchman, and had come from a 'popish country': these were suspicious facts; and although it was generally known that he was an exile for conscience' sake, and that he led a sedate and blameless life, still this was not entirely sufficient to dispel occasional doubts as to his opinions being of a perfectly orthodox character. Sensible, apparently, of the existence of such a feeling, he had, in order to its removal, as well, perhaps, as from other and higher motives, made application, a year or two after his arrival, to be admitted a member of the Church of Scotland. After surmounting some difficulties which lay in the way he at length succeeded in effecting this object, but only, according to parish records, after he

had publicly appeared before the congregation of Cathcart, and in its presence made a renunciation both of the Pope and the devil!

Meantime as years moved on, and as Dechamp found both his means and business on the increase—thanks, in some measure, to the energetic traders of the adjacent city of Glasgow—the young companion of his expatriation, the joyous-hearted Elise, had passed from the morning of girlhood into the more advanced day of life—acknowledged on every side to be one of the 'bonniest lassies' for many a mile around. The apple of her father's eye, she was in reality more to him than his sincerely religious spirit would allow him to believe, far less to acknowledge; while with the workpeople he employed, as well as with young and old among his more immediate neighbours, Peggy Dechamp, as she was familiarly styled, was an acknowledged favourite, to whom every one was ready to tender a kind word when occasion offered, or if by chance over-diffident for such an act, to doff at least in silent respect the in general well-worn 'bonnet of blue.' By the time when she was verging on her eighteenth year, the fondest expectations of the father may be said to have been realised. He had indeed secured to himself a peaceful home in the land of the stranger, and of that home his daughter was to him the solace and delight.

It may readily be surmised that a young person possessed of so many attractions as Peggy Dechamp was not likely to have attained the age in question without awakening in some hearts feelings of a rather tenderer nature than those of mere admiration: but hereby hangs a tale. Among those of his neighbours with whom Dechamp became more intimately acquainted soon after his settlement on the banks of the Cart was a person named Hall, who carried on the business of a miller at no great distance from where the former had taken up his quarters. Hall, a man of some property, and of respectable standing in the parish, had at an early period shown considerable kindness to the lonely refugee and his child. He had at their first acquaintance made them heartily welcome to his fireside, which was enlivened by the presence of one of the most thrifty and good-natured wives in Clydesdale, and a family of two sons; the one an active youth, who took a part in the labours of the mill, and the other a fine boy about ten years of age, who, at the period in question, was attending the parish school.

The intimacy thus early formed between Dechamp and the miller's family gradually ripened into a steady friendship, and it was with sincere gratification that, in the course of a few years, John and Isabella Hall beheld the increase of their neighbour's prosperity. Meantime their youngest son 'Jamie' had finished his education—the plain education of a Scottish farmer's son—and it had become necessary for his parents to consider about his future employment. Jamie being a lad of a quiet disposition, with a rather studious turn of mind and very diffident manners, it had early been their intention to have him educated for the 'kirk'; but to the prospect of a ministerial life the boy himself had, probably from a want of self-confidence, a rooted objection; on which account the design had been abandoned. Now, however, something decided required to be fixed upon, and it was when Mr Hall was on one occasion referring to the subject in Dechamp's presence, that the lively Frenchman ejaculated, 'Why you not make him a papermaker? Put him vith me, and I shall teach him a good trade.' Suffice it to say, this proposal was eventually approved of; and with Jamie's ready consent, he became Mr Dechamp's indentured apprentice. In this new position, let it be added, he soon gained the good opinion of his employer, equally by his steady attention to business and by his modest obliging disposition; in which, however, there prevailed what may be termed rather too much of reserve.

Young Hall was in the last year of his apprenticeship, and had nearly completed his twentieth year. He had been familiar with the presence of Peggy Dechamp

from the days of her girlhood; they had, in fact, grown up almost side by side. Was not he, then, one of those on whom the opening charms of the dark-eyed beauty had told with more than common effect? Alas! it was so; and Jamie deeply loved; but his love was in every sense a silent one, and so carefully concealed within his breast, that no one, not even the fair creature who had inspired the feeling, as yet knew of or suspected its existence. Kind and alike affable to all, she on her part did not appear to have imbibed any particular predilections; or if it could be said that she had ever exhibited the slightest trait of partiality more favourable to one individual than another, that partiality evidently pointed at her father's sedate apprentice Jamie Hall. But Jamie had never detected or dreamt of anything of this kind: he felt diffident of himself when compared with others of her known admirers; and this feeling no doubt increased the natural bashfulness which made him shrink from any of those little attentions which might have told his love.

Thus were matters situated—young Hall not altogether an object of indifference, it may be, to her on whom his secret thoughts were spent—when one fine summer afternoon, while his own people were still at work, and his friend the miller busy in his usual avocations, Mr Dechamp unexpectedly entered the clean tidy kitchen, where Mrs Hall was seated alone at her spinning-wheel, and after his usual cordial salutation, told her that he was come to have a little conversation with her. It was a frequent custom with him to 'look in' in this manner *en passant*, and after a few kind inquiries, or a little friendly chat, to pass upon his way; but on this occasion the good lady could perceive from his manner that he had something of more importance than usual to communicate; so, after a cheerful welcome, she smilingly added, 'Just tak' the guidman's chair, Mr Dechamp, and let me hear what it's a' about.'

The purport of her visitor's communication was this:—'He felt,' he said, 'that he was becoming an old man; that he could not expect to survive many additional years; and that he was, in consequence, very desirous of seeing his daughter respectably settled in life; for he grieved at the possibility of his child being left without a natural protector, in a land where, although possessed of many friends, she had not a single relation. She would inherit whatever property he left, and that, and that he was happy to think, would in all probability not be inconsiderable; and,' he continued, 'it had been for some time a cherished idea of his, that, if agreeable to Mr and Mrs Hall, it would be an excellent thing to have their "good boy Jamie" for a son-in-law. But *helas!* added the worthy Frenchman with a shrug of the shoulders, 'I fear that your Jamie is very cold, and that he cares for my Peggy nothing at all.' With these views and impressions he had come, he said, to open the matter, leaving her to judge whether it would be advisable to mention it to her husband, or to endeavour to sound Jamie himself upon the subject.

Mrs Hall was not very much surprised at this disclosure, for it had often occurred to her that a match between her son and the papermaker's heiress would not prove by any means a bad arrangement. She even had a suspicion that Jamie was not entirely blind to the attractions of the merry-hearted Peggy Dechamp; but she was sensible that any attempt to pry into the matter would have an injurious effect, so she merely indulged in an occasional guess upon the subject, and kept her surmises entirely to herself. To Mr Dechamp she accordingly replied, that in so far as she was concerned, she could see nothing objectionable in what he proposed, but that she would of course consult her husband before saying anything farther on the subject; and that, if it was his wish that she should do so, she would certainly take a mother's privilege of speaking to her son on a matter of so much importance to himself.

The 'outs and ins' of these matters it is unnecessary to follow. Mr Hall would appear to have entered very much into his wife's opinion on this momentous question,

while the latter actually broached the whole affair to Jamie himself; but as to all that passed on the occasion we are unfortunately in the dark. It was, however, within about a week or so of the day of his visit to Mrs Hall, as Mr Dechamp was walking in the little garden adjoining, while his workpeople were absent at dinner, that he beheld, through an open window of his establishment—oh, astounding fact!—the hitherto bashful and retiring apprentice attempting to snatch a kiss from—could he believe his eyes?—yet it was so—his daughter Peggy; and there was Peggy herself, radiant with blushes, and struggling to escape from Jamie's embrace. This was quite enough—all that for the moment he could have desired to see. He was not one of those cruel fathers who would glory in dashing the cup from the lips of young and joyous love—not he! So quietly withdrawing from his accidentally-acquired post of observation, he mechanically continued on his way, occasionally rubbing his hands with the air of a man who had suddenly experienced some stroke of great good fortune, and now and then giving vent to some audible expression, that was ever accompanied by a quick sparkle of the eye and a sudden smile. He reached the little garden gate, but he stopped not there: it appeared to open of itself before him; and ere many minutes had elapsed, he might have been seen proceeding at something beyond his usual pace towards the miller's domicile. 'It is all well, very well,' said the now gray-haired but still mercurial Frenchman, as he stepped buoyantly into the presence of Mr Hall and his guidwife, who happened to be still at the dinner-table: 'your Jamie loves my daughter; he has kissed her; my own eyes saw it: I am very happy!'

Astounding and unexpected as all this had appeared to Mr Dechamp, the announcement made did not startle his auditors to any extent at all in correspondence with his own excited feelings: a cordial welcome, nevertheless, was given to the intelligence which he brought, and the horny hand of the miller grasped his own with a pressure that spoke of a gratification not less sincerely felt.

Need we lengthen out the tale? Assuredly not. At no distant period the lively Peggy Dechamp—the daughter of the expatriated foreigner—was joined in the bands which may be silken or otherwise, as circumstances determine, with Jamie Hall. As years rolled on, the worthy papermaker was gathered to his fathers, and the business was continued by his son-in-law for a considerable period—how long we cannot tell; but this we know, that within the last forty years the lineal descendants of Jamie Hall and Peggy Dechamp held a highly respectable position in the city of Glasgow.

It may be added, that the writer of this sketch, to whom the story of Nicholas Dechamp had been for some time familiar, was highly interested lately, when accidentally 'dipping' into the business-books of the 'Company trading to Africa and the Indies'—the famous Darien Association—now preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, to find that considerable quantities of paper had been purchased by the person who acted as the company's agent in Glasgow from Nicholas Dechamp.

FROM THE POD TO THE PIECE.

FROM Manchester to Stockport it is but nine miles, or fifteen minutes by rail, and from the three queen cities of Great Britain to Manchester is only a day's journey. Let those, then, who can, take up their carriages and pay the visit, if they would see the pod become the piece; but let the multitudes who cannot, travel with us along the lines of thought, as we bring the most wonderful combinations of human skill the world has ever seen before their eyes.

Behold us, then, note-book in hand, and with every faculty on the alert, set down in the steaming, smoking, buzzing town of Stockport. The factory people are

just returning from their dinners, and every house and every cottage pours out its tributary streams, until a great river of human beings, men, women, boys, girls, young men, and maidens, sets toward the factory gates. Waiting a while for the reception of this animate tide into the precincts of the huge structure before us, and joining company with one or two stragglers who are behind time, we enter the gate; but we fare better than the stragglers, for one of them, in going forward to his allotted part in the factory, has to pass through a little wicket by the side of the office. In vain he attempts to pass unseen; he steps on to a movable platform, and by some secret mechanism he is suddenly turned round with the box, and presented, greatly to his annoyance, at the office window, where he remains a fixture until his number is taken down, and he is released, abashed and confounded if he be a novice, to proceed to his duty. In many factories, by the side of the office is a small apartment in which two or three persons are engaged in a very peculiar task, covering small rollers with smooth leathern coverings. The stranger will probably wonder what connection this multitude of leathern-clad rollers, not larger than an average-sized reel of cotton, has with the cotton manufacture; but before he has concluded his survey, it will appear that one of the great secrets of the system is contained in the beautiful machines, called 'drawing-frames,' of which these rollers constitute an essential part. Producing our order of admission, we are let into the portals of the steam-hive; and with the very earth trembling under our feet, and the air vibrating with the whirring, clacking, and humming noises of the impetuous machinery within, the door is opened into the picking-room, and we become fairly afloat on our voyage from the pod to the piece.

The bales, each weighing on the average about three hundred pounds or so, are brought into this room, cast upon the floor, and with two or three blows of a sharp axe the cord around them is cut, and the elasticity of the cotton flings the bale open; the canvas covering is then stripped off, and the contents of the bale are spread out on the floor of the apartment to be picked. This operation is performed by a few persons, often women and children. Ordinarily the good and bad cotton are mixed together and cast upon a pile or stack, from one side of which they are dragged by a rake, applied from the top to the bottom, thus insuring a mixture of all the different strata. Sometimes, however, the very fine cotton is reserved, and placed separately, for the manufacture of lace, &c. In the next room is a small machine at one side, parts of which are in rapid motion, and produce a whirring sound. This machine is the 'willow,' and prepares the work for all the rest of the building. The cotton here first falls into those powerful hands of steel which part not with it until they have turned it off a finished fabric. And truly it is roughly handled in this initiatory proceeding: a man takes up his two armsful of the light material, and places it in a compartment on one end of the machine; the white masses tumble hastily in, and if you will step into the room beyond, you will see how they come out, looking whiter, cleaner, and infinitely more flocculent and downy than before, blown out with a powerful current from the mouth of the willow, which opens by a square opening into this room. In the intermediate process they have been caught by iron teeth of different lengths, revolving at a rate of six hundred revolutions per minute; the cotton has been thus repeatedly torn asunder; its impurities have dropped to the bottom; and it is wafted, like so many tumbling masses of sand before a strong wind, into the third room, from whence it is taken in proper quantities to the next floor. It is difficult to convey a just impression of the blowing-room, into which we are now brought. What with the noise caused by the 'beaters,' the deep-thrilling hum of the ventilating fans, and the heat developed by the friction of the roaring machines, and the beating of the cotton, the visitor will be glad to

make his exit as quickly as possible; not to mention the awfully dusty state of the atmosphere of the room, which deposits in the most delicate but tenacious manner the floating filaments of cotton upon his apparel, until, if he went in in a black coat, he certainly emerges in a gray one. But such a rapid escape will not avail us, who have to track the filament completely through its fearful pilgrimage, to the last parting squeeze of—the hydrostatic press.

The 'blowing,' or 'batting,' or, as it is sometimes called, 'scutching' engine, is a beautiful thing when seen with all its most modern additions, as are those before us. Upon a moving feed-cloth, at one end, a certain weight of cotton wool is spread by the person in charge; this is seized by a pair of fluted rollers, which convey it into the interior of this terrible engine. As it is being delivered off by them, it receives the blows of a frame composed of flat bars revolving at an enormous rate—it is said four thousand in the minute; the fibres are thus effectually loosened, opened, and purified from dirt, which falls through an iron grid at the bottom; the wool proceeds on through the machine, and gets a second thrashing, as severe and tremendous as the first; proceeding further still, it is gently pressed, and spread into a flat loosely-coherent fleece; and at the end of this ingenious machine behold the cotton wool exhibit the first evidence of constructive skill, and, assuming the form of a soft fragile web, roll itself up, at the rate of about three feet in a minute, upon a self-acting roller, which, when filled, is removed by an attendant, in order to substitute an empty one for it. Thus, then, the cotton fibre is—1st, beaten; 2d, purified; 3d, beaten; 4th, purified; 5th, pressed; and 6th, rolled up. As this is a very dusty process, a peculiar contrivance is fitted to each engine, consisting of a pair of fans or blowers, which produce a very forcible draught of air up the machine, by which means all the dust is conveyed away through tubes, and blown out into the air. This operation being attended with some risk of fire, from the latent heat developed by the beaters, is often carried on in a separate building, which may always be recognised outside by the large ventilating cowls on its roof, through which a stream of cotton dust may be seen vehemently blowing. As these fans take about a horse-power each to drive, it seems to us worthy the consideration of our manufacturers whether a jet of high-pressure steam might not be applied to produce the requisite ventilation of the blowing-engine. The processes hitherto have all had for their object the thorough disentanglement of the fibres of the cotton; they have no mutual coherence, or but very little, and are therefore in a condition to obey the manufacturer's will as to their future disposition and arrangement.

Let the reader take a mass of cotton wool in his hand. Those multitudinous fibres, no two of which have the same direction, have to be further cleaned, and all laid straight and even, before they can receive the least assistance to their union into a firm texture. The problem may seem almost insoluble, but the carding-room, into which we next direct our steps, furnishes the first element in the solution. Other machines employed in the cotton manufacture have more science about them, and display more signal triumphs of mind over matter; but the carding-engine has the greatest beauty of appearance, and produces the most attractive and elegant results. There is not the least difficulty in fully comprehending this ingenious apparatus with a little attention. The rolled-up fleece coming from the blowing-room is placed upon proper supports, in a horizontal position, at the back of the carding-engine: it is partly unrolled by the 'tenter,' as the attendant is called, and the end introduced to the carding mechanism, which continues to unroll it until it is exhausted. The end is caught by a large circular brush, composed of short iron wires, set at a particular angle. This tears off the cotton wool into the finest filaments; and rubbing against a number of other circular brushes of the same kind, the filaments are again and again torn from each

other, until they are reduced to a delicate web, all the dirt and knots having fallen through in the process, or having been arrested by some stationary flat brushes at the top of the engine, against, or in almost contact with which, the great brush rubs. The separation of this web from the teeth of the great brush is effected in the simplest manner by a smaller circular brush, the teeth of which are set in another direction, rubbing against it. It remains still to remove the web from this brush also, and this is effected by an up-and-down movement of a long comb, which, sweeping over the face of the wires of the second brush, combs off in a homogeneous gauze, or gossamer-like web, the carded wool. This is then, as it were, poured through a funnel, or is, more properly speaking, drawn through by the carrying powers of two revolving rollers, and appears in a stream of a certain size, as soft as down and as white as milk, at the other end of the engine. This stream is a delicate, flat, and narrow ribbon, known as a 'sliver.' It is impossible to represent the beauty of this process, and the almost magical skill with which its different steps are conducted, with adequate colours; but it is believed that any one who will attentively read the above short description will be able to form a clear and satisfactory conception of the machine. The carding-room is a busy and a noisy place. Here are little boys running to and fro clearing the top cards of the engines from their cotton impurities—they are called 'strippers'—and then with an armful of down-like wool hurrying to the waste-baskets; whilst girls and women hasten to and fro, some with full cans of slivers, others with empty ones; add to this the continual dancing motion and sharp clicks of the comb-crank, and the ceaseless whirl of pulleys and straps, and the scene from the door of a room from two to three hundred feet long, full of these engines, may be readily conceived to be of no ordinary character and interest. What has now been done to the cotton? It has been—1st, cleaned; 2d, partially straightened; and 3d, collected into a flat ribbon or sliver. When the cotton is destined to be spun into very fine yarn, it is customary to card it twice; and the first machine is called a 'breaker,' and the second a 'finisher' card.

The filaments are by no means yet straightened and equalised to the degree necessary before commencing spinning; and now we come to see the use of the leathern rollers before-mentioned. Leaving the carding-room, we may as well save the walk up stairs by getting into the 'hoist'—the square box which rises and falls at the pleasure of the persons inside—and in a few seconds we are in the drawing-room floor. There is some true philosophy in the drawing-frame, although it is the most simple of the machines employed, at least in appearance. If we were to take a little flock of cotton wool between the thumb and finger of one hand, and holding one end in those of the other, were gently to draw it out, the effect would be to straighten the filaments of it. This is precisely the *modus operandi* of the drawing-frame. But how was a task of such delicacy to be accomplished by iron fingers? The slivers, in their cans, are brought together in sets of sixes, and arranged behind the 'drawing' machine. The six slivers are then collected together, and flow in a common stream between two pairs of rollers—the upper of leather, the under of iron. A little observation will show that one pair of these rollers revolves more rapidly than the other. In consequence of this, this pair, which is the front pair, drags out the stream of wool, and thus attenuates it, because the back pair of rollers will not allow as much of the cottony stream to emerge from their grasp as the front ones demand. There is therefore no alternative: the band of cotton must be stretched and elongated; and in this condition it is passed into the receiving-can, which, rotating on its axis, gives it a slight twist as it is deposited therein. Thus the six slivers, by their union and 'drawing out,' only form one common sliver at the other end of the machine. Thus, then, the action of the human fingers is successfully imitated; and with a

thousandfold more precision than they do this inanimate machine execute this difficult task. The relative speed of the rollers, and the exact distances between each pair, are subjects of the nicest calculation, and may be adjusted by a simple method to the quality of the cotton. For instance, a short-fibred cotton requires the rollers to be nearer together than a long one, and the contrary. As the 'drawn' sliver fills the can rapidly, requiring a girl to thrust it often down, to prevent its falling on the floor, there is a peculiar contrivance attached to modern drawing-frames, which entirely obviates one person's employment, and plunges down gently the sliver, until the can is so full as to hold no more. The appearance of these falling weights in a long room is very curious. The next process is 'doubling'; that is, a still larger number of slivers are made to form only one, and thus still further to straighten and equalise the filaments. The steps of this process are precisely similar to those of the drawing-frame, and the doubling was carried to such an extent in a new factory visited by us, that it was calculated that the sliver was doubled nearly half-a-million times before proceeding to the future operations. The average rate at which the sliver proceeds from the rollers is about sixty feet a minute. In some of the most recent doubling and drawing engines there is a beautiful little contrivance, intended to insure the perfect uniformity of size in the sliver as it is being drawn. Suppose thirty-two slivers are collected into one stream, and by the drawing-rollers converted into only one; if one of these thirty-two were to break, and the machine continued to run, the resulting sliver would be of unequal thickness in its latter portion. In the elegant machines displayed to us at a large factory in Manchester this was exquisitely guarded against. The slivers were made to run over small forks; and immediately that one broke, slight though the impulse of rending asunder such a delicate and soft ribbon would be, the whole length of the machine was instantly stopped, as if by an electric shock, and refused to stir, until the 'tenter' ran up and repaired the broken ribbon, when, as if sensible that all was right again, it resumed work.

All is now ready for spinning. The filaments are nearly parallel; the sliver is of uniform thickness; and all that is now necessary for its conversion into thread, or, technically, yarn, is to give to the filaments that intertwist which will unite them into a coherent cord. No part of the process of the cotton manufacture has engaged so large an amount of attention as this, nor does any manufacturing process, of whatever nature, bear comparison with the amazing efforts of inventive skill exercised in this. The difficulties will appear as we proceed. It has been customary to consider the first step of the twisting process, which is called roving, apart from the 'spinning'; but the division is an incorrect one. The whole manufacture divides itself into two great classes of operations—the first of which is, to straighten the cotton fibres, and the second, to twist them. The spinning, therefore, begins at the roving-frames. But how shall we describe this great and noisy machine, with its hundreds of whirling spindles, and the complicated motions of its iron limbs? Its name is the 'bobbin and fly frame.' Let us say, then, what it has to do, and it will then be seen by what means its work is done. First, it has to elongate the sliver from the thickness of a finger to that of a quill-barrel of small size; next, it has to twist the 'drawing,' or 'roving,' as the attenuated slip is called, just enough to give it a little coherence; and lastly, it has to wind it up on a proper reel or bobbin. Beside these, a number of important functions must be fulfilled at the same time, which we shall immediately see are of no ordinary kind or difficulty. The machine is perhaps twenty feet long, and four or five feet high. At one end is the prime moving mechanism. Over the whole length of the top runs a rod, which stops it at the pleasure of the attendant; and in front are perhaps a hundred upright spindles, mounted with large reels, on which the roving is

being wound and twisted at the same time, and revolving at a vast velocity. The sliver starts from the can, into which it was poured by the drawing-frame, and is conducted again between rollers, and drawn out as before, only to a far greater extent, for it is here elongated to from four to five times its length. The thin cord then enters a hole in the top of an iron instrument called a 'flyer,' and resembling an inverted U. Thus \cap goes down one of the arms of the \cap which is hollow, and reappears at the end of a little cross piece, from whence it winds on to the reel, which revolves on its own axis, while the flyer also revolves around it, only at a little greater velocity; by which means the reel being always a *little behind*, in point of time and place, the arm of the flyer, the roving is wound up. To get a clear idea of this process, suppose a common two-pronged dinner-fork had one prong hollow, and at its end a little hollow arm, with an eye or hole at its extremity; cut off the shank of the fork almost close to the prongs; suppose it also hollow, and communicating with the hollow prong; pass a thread down the shank, and down the hollow prong, and bring it out at the eye-hole of the little arm; suppose, further, this two-pronged affair to be poised in the middle by an upright spindle, which, being put in motion, caused the two-pronged thing to revolve also—being, in fact, the axis of it. Here, then, is a regular 'flyer' for us. Now put a reel upon a hollow tube, inside which the spindle of the fork will move without touching, and let the reel be, as it were, half embraced by the fork; that is, half-way up the \cap , inside its arms: let the tube which holds the reel, and the spindle which supports the fork, both be made to revolve on their long axes in the same direction, only the tube a very little slower than the spindle and fork, and you will find that a regular winding-up of the thread upon the reel will take place. This being clearly understood, and it being remembered also that the flyer necessarily, by its revolutions, twists the roving as it winds it, a difficulty occurs as to arranging the rovings regularly on the bobbin. If, for example, we were winding thread upon a cork, unless we directed it alternately to one and the other end of the cork, it would wind up all in a heap in the middle. This is obviated by causing the frame on which the bobbins rest to rise and fall alternately, and thus the stream of soft cord flows in regular alternations from the top to the bottom, and from the bottom to the top of the bobbin. But again, as more and more of the roving is wound upon the bobbin, of course it becomes, in homely terms, fatter and fatter, and therefore its diameter being increased, its circumference is increased, and consequently in one turn it can take up more roving than it could when it was thinner: but the machine cannot supply more roving in a given time than it did when the bobbin was first put on, and the roving would therefore be torn away as the bobbin increased in size, unless some contrivance could be thought of to diminish gradually the speed of the bobbin, so as to make the loss of speed in its revolutions compensate for the increase of its diameter, and consequent greater demand for roving. Here is a truly arduous undertaking, nor was it effected but with the lapse of time, and by the continued application of the most powerful minds to the task. It would be hopeless to dream of elucidating the intricate mechanism by which it is perfectly effected in our limited space; but an essential feature of it is what is called a 'speed-cone,' a sort of conical pulley, along which a strap is gradually moved as the bobbin fills, and the moving pulley-surface thus becoming smaller and smaller, a gradual and most gentle, but sufficient reduction is effected in the revolutions of the bobbin. Mr Houldsworth added to this an exquisitely-arranged invention, called the 'differential box,' by which the application of the principle was rendered easy to roving of every thickness, by the simplest adjustments.

Now comes the true spinning process. There are two kinds of spinning—the continuous and the discontinuous, which includes a stretching operation. In or-

dinary factory parlance, the first is throstle-spinning, the second is mule-spinning. Those who have comprehended the description of the bobbin and fly-frame will readily understand that of a throstle engine, for it is in some respects very similar. We are ushered into a large room full of these oddly-named machines. They consist of frames of considerable length mounted with a mighty host of spindles, bobbins, and flyers, in such enormously rapid movement, that they appear almost stationary; and it may even be necessary to touch them to be convinced that they are really moving, and their whirring sound is something quite oppressive to the ears. In these the roving goes through three pairs of rollers to be again elongated, and is thence drawn by the revolution of the flyer, which winds round the yarn as fast as it is twisted upon a smaller bobbin. The same rising and falling contrivance arranges the yarn in regular order upon the bobbin, as in the former instance; but the bobbin has no motion of its own, as in the last process, being merely dragged round by the thread or yarn as it is wound upon it. The resulting yarn is hard, strong, and well-twisted, in every respect a striking contrast to the soft and fragile roving out of which it is made. Throstle-yarn is, on account of these properties, generally preferred for the long threads of a cloth, or, in weavers' words, the 'warp,' but for finer purposes it is not sufficiently soft and delicate. This defect was the origin of another and yet more extraordinary process of spinning, called 'mule-spinning'; a process yielding to none in ingenuity, and equalled by none in the elegance and singularity of its appearance. Entering an upper room in the factory, one of the most extraordinary scenes the imagination can picture presents itself. Looking in the long direction of the apartment, it is impossible to get a definite conception of what is going on; but standing at the side, you behold two pairs of long iron frames, with thousands of delicate spindles advancing and retreating to and from each other, as though they were performing an iron quadrille; and all this, thanks to the extraordinary skill of Mr Roberts of Manchester, without human intervention, excepting where here and there a little boy is seen crawling under them sweeping up the dust, or a girl is attending to a broken thread. Think of a machine one hundred feet long, carrying a thousand spindles, twisting, stretching out by its advance and retreat, and ultimately winding up, when these processes are finished, a thousand threads so delicate, as to be visible only in the mass of them, performing a variety of motions of adjustment, and capable of working incessantly without aid from man; and finally, actually counting up its own work; and after it has done sufficient on each spindle, ringing a bell, to inform the tenter that its task is done—and some mind-glimpse of this astonishing mechanism may be caught! The objects the mule accomplishes are—1st, To elongate the roving between rollers; 2d, To spin the yarn at the rate of about ten thousand revolutions to each length of fifty-six inches; 3d, To stretch out the yarn, and thus still further equalise its diameter; and 4th, To wind it up in 'cops' of convenient form for the weaver or for the winder. For a long time the mule was directed and controlled by a powerful man, called a 'spinner,' who received very high wages; but in consequence of the continual turn-outs, in which these men were always the most prominent, because possessed of the most power, and the bad conduct of the spinners as a class, manufacturers became extremely desirous of dispensing with their functions, and of substituting the stern obedience of machinery for the capricious one of these men, from which they had so repeatedly suffered the most serious inconvenience. Mr Roberts executed the difficult task, and the 'self-actor mule' appeared, to the dismay of a large body of the disaffected, who saw in it their abused power swept away. The self-actor is now largely used, and in every new factory is exclusively adopted, for it does its work not only more surely, but in a better style and method, and with greater precision, than the old

one. From the mule-spindles, or from the throstle-engine, the yarn is taken to that part of the factory where the weaving by power is carried on.

Let us follow it in this the concluding stage of the history of the cotton filament. In a room, the quietness of which forms an agreeable contrast to the noise of the preceding, and as we are soon to find, to the tremendous clatter of the succeeding, stands on one side the 'winding,' and on the other the 'warping frame.' The first of these is very simple: it is merely a long frame, on the top of which the yarn is placed as it comes from the mule or throstle, and is wound off by power on to a multitude of upright reels in rapid revolution. The warping frame is more complicated. It is all painted black, to render a broken thread readily discernible. In shape, it is something like a very large hand-printing press, when the fly leaves are thrown back. At one end is a large roller, on which the warp, or long threads of the cloth, are wound; at the other is a framework, on which are many hundreds of reels, each sending its thread to form one of the number rolled on the roller. It is moved by machinery, and the warp is rapidly laid on the roller by this means. Sometimes a thread breaks, the machine is then stopped, and the attendant, laying a long steel bar over the threads, causes the roller to unwind until the broken end is discovered and repaired without disturbing the parallelism of its threads. A door leads us from this room into one the atmosphere of which is at a very high temperature, and in which there is much more motion, noise, and bustle than the last, while every now and then the tinkle of a bell is heard in every direction. This is the 'dressing'-room! an apartment in which, as in others of a similar title, the natural defects of the cotton fibre are smoothened over, and prepared for public gaze. It is filled with a number of patent dressing-machines. These are in shape something like a large mangle; at the ends are the rollers which have come from the room we have just left; eight of them are required to furnish yarn for one warp, four of them are therefore arranged at one end, and four at the other. In the centre is an upright framework, at the top of which the roller rests, on which the dressed warp is wound by cog-wheels. In its passage from the end rollers to the warp-roller, the multitude of threads receives the dressing. The yarn passes first between two wooden cylinders, the lower of which revolves in a trough of size or paste; it is thus saturated with the dressing, but unevenly, and therefore the machine gives it first a brush on the upper, and next on the under surface, to lay the paste evenly on it, by means of a couple of brushes, which have an odd movement, connected with cranks. It is then passed up towards the warp-roller; but as it goes, it is perfectly dried by the action of a rapid vane, which blows hot air across the threads; it is then wound up and ready for the loom. As the process goes on, the machine counts the proper length for the 'piece,' and by a bell summons the tenter to mark the place in red paste, as a guide to the weaver in his operations. Some of these machines will dress a mile of warp in an hour!

Of all the tremendously noisy, deafening places in the whole factory, the weaving-room or power-loom-department is the most so. As for conversation, it is altogether impossible; hearing a person bawling into your ear with all his force is about as much as is to be expected here. Conceive an enormous room containing one thousand power-looms arranged in long rows, and all helping to raise the most awful din that can salute mortal ears. Each loom consists of a number of complex mechanisms driven by straps and pulleys from the ceiling in endless multitudes. The warp-roller being placed at the back of them, is gradually unwound, and by the assistance of the shuttle, and other contrivances, the yarn assumes at length the woven texture of the piece of calico-cloth, the preliminary steps in the formation of which have occupied so much of our time. From the loom the piece is conveyed into the storehouses, is measured by being alter-

nately hung on a couple of hooks a yard apart, is then folded smooth, put in the packing-press, receives its last embrace from machinery, to the weight of eight or ten tons, and is sent off to market, or to the wholesale dealers.

Before leaving the factory, we were shown the room where the size is prepared for dressing the goods. Several large tubs heated by steam are arranged round the sides for boiling the paste, while it is agitated by an iron agitator in the interior; and upon the floor, in the centre, were a number of large casks full of paste, covered with the fungi in a coating a quarter of an inch thick. One would suppose it was all spoiled, but the manager assured us it was just at the prime, and ready for use. In the operations of one firm, eight hundred barrels of flour are used every year for this purpose; but it is necessary to mention that it is of a quality unfit for human consumption. Each loom has been calculated to consume three pounds of flour a week.

It is not an easy task to give the average number of yards of calico made in a day at one of these immense places; nor, if it were, is it easy to estimate it at its due amount. It is said that one manufacturer declared, if a ship were to fasten to her stern one end of a piece of cloth, and sail away therewith, he could supply sufficient to keep up with her, sail as fast as she might!

Such is a short account of our visit, and it presents, as we believe, a succinct statement of the present state of the cotton manufacture, at least from the Pod to the Piece.

JOHN KEATS.

THE works of Keats have two classes of admirers: those who consider them as a promise, and those who consider them as an accomplishment. By the one he is revered as a great poet; and by the other he is lamented as a victim of some caprice of nature, which, after having implanted in him the rare seeds of genius, cut him down in the spring. For our part, we are not of opinion that nature, who is so chary in her production of true artists, is so prodigal of her work when it does appear. The promise of Keats, if rightly considered, will be found, we think, to apply not to the individual, but to the general artistic mind. The accomplishment is his own; and it must be estimated partly according to its intrinsic merits, and partly according to its action in transmitting and diffusing the light of poetry along the ever-flowing stream of time. In the former point of view it is wonderful, but imperfect: it gives us much fine and prodigiously rich poetry, but no great poem. In the latter, its inspiration is greater than is perhaps yet suspected, and its influence more widely spread over the young mind of genius throughout the English world.

We have no faith in what Keats, had he lived, might have done in the way of accomplishment. Poetry is neither a trade nor a science, to be studied by rule, and learned by induction. The old adage is worthy of all acceptance—*Poeta nascitur non fit*: his art is inborn; and when he has mastered the forms of the language, he is ready to pour forth what is in him, and to teach what he cannot learn. We doubt whether Chatterton or Henry Kirke White (with whom Keats is usually associated, for no other intelligible reason than that they all three happened to die young) would have produced anything better in after life, either the one by his genius, or the other by his indomitable mediocrity. No example of this has ever occurred; for Byron's early copies of verses should be classed with school exercises. Keats did not die till his 26th year: his mind from boyhood had fed upon poetry; he had been cheered on in his devotion to the Muses by sanguine and intellectual

friends; and without overturning all experience and all analogy, we must perforce conclude that the world had received from him what was his to bestow, before he sank into his early and lamented tomb.

His early fate is the more lamentable, that he died before his fame had begun to live. He carried with him to the grave only ruined hopes and disappointed love; desiring his friends to inscribe upon his stone, 'HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.' From that humble tomb, however, there has now come a light to which the eyes of rising genius are turned from the ends of the earth. Keats is one of the great teachers of the new world, and of new spirits in the old; and already, besides numerous editions of the works, imperfect as they may be, of this once despised poet, we have two volumes of his 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains.'

We do not think that Mr Milnes has stated completely the case between his author and the public. 'The reviewers of "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly,"' he tells us, 'were persons evidently destitute of all poetic perception, directing an unrefined and unscrupulous satire against political opponents, whose intellectual merits they had no means of understanding. This, indeed, was no combat of literary principles, no struggle of thoughts, no competition of modes of expression; it was simply the judgment of the policeman and the beadle over mental efforts and spiritual emanations.' Now it appears to us to be quite clear that Keats's poetry was not abused, and the abuse acquiesced in by the public, on account of his politics, but simply because neither critics nor public felt and understood it. The hostility of the critics may have been imbibed by politics, and the political principles of the Cockney school used against its leaders, just like the pimples of Hazlitt or the criminal addiction of Leigh Hunt to tea and muffins. But if politics had been the sole motive of the critics, it would have worked in two ways, and the object of their acrimony would have enjoyed the fame as well as endured the torments of a martyr. The Lake school, with politics diametrically opposite, was the object of as much critical oburgation and popular neglect as the school of Hampstead; and Keats himself is noticed by our editor as having been daringly singular in his admiration of Wordsworth.

The truth appears to be, that the public mind was at that time in the transition state from a kind of poetical materialism, in which it was satisfied with the sensuous images of such writers as Scott, to the more meta-physical taste that followed, uniting the kingdoms of matter and mind, and recognising the spirit of nature even in the meanest of her external forms. Keats was one of the prophets who helped forward this movement, and was stoned for his pains; but the stones have now become at once his own monument and a memorial of the fruitless zeal with which his critics strove unconsciously to impede the progress of mind. This zeal, however, was fruitless only as regards the cause: it was fatal to the individual. It is absurd to deny the temporary power of contemporary criticism. 'If the frank acknowledgment,' says Mr Milnes, 'of the respect with which Keats had inspired Mr Jeffrey had been made in 1818 instead of 1820, the tide of public opinion would probably have been at once turned in his favour, and the imbecile abuse of his political, rather than literary antagonists, been completely exposed.' Would this have saved Keats? Yes. We talk not of his life. That is unimportant, for one must die some time or other. But it was hard for this young man to die before knowing that he had lived; it was hard for him to think that all his proud hopes and lofty aspirations had been vain; it was hard for him to believe that it was empty air he had felt stirring like a god within his gallant heart; it was hard for him to read in imagination the legend on his unhonoured grave: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water!'

Mr Milnes has discharged his duty as an editor with great ability, but too timidly. If Keats is not what he represents him to be, then there was no need for the book at all; if he was, then biographical facts were of too great value to be concealed for the purpose of sparing private sensibilities. 'These pages,' he tells us, 'concern one whose whole story may be summed up in the composition of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one passion, and a premature death.' This passion, which must have been, and was, an essential part in the life of a poet, receives not the smallest illustration from the editor; and here was a point, we think, in which private feelings should have yielded.

Keats was born on the 29th October 1795. His father was in the service of Mr Jennings, the proprietor of livery stables on the Pavement in Moorfields, whose daughter, the mother of the poet, he married. The family consisted of George, John, Thomas, and a daughter; and the boys were distinguished at school for their furious pugnacity. In John, however, this disposition was combined 'with a passionate sensibility which exhibited itself in the strangest contrasts. Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him, and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval.' He cared nothing about the character of a 'good boy': 'bravery, energy, generosity, these were his great qualities; and they impressed his schoolfellows with the idea that he was destined to succeed in some active sphere in life. He was at times laborious and attentive to his studies, and then carried off all the first prizes in literature. He learned French, and translated much of the *Æneid*, but was indebted to English works for the knowledge of the Greek mythology, which afterwards, distilled in the alembic of his own imagination, produced something more spiritual than the Greeks ever fancied.

At the death of his parents, about £8000 was left to be divided among the four children; and in 1810 John was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton. In 1812 the reading of the 'Fairy Queen' formed an era in his intellectual existence; Chaucer following, he inhaled 'the pure breath of nature in the morning of English literature'; and at the end of 1814, Byron inspired him with an indifferent sonnet. Later, a much better sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer,' might seem to indicate how early his taste disavowed the school of Pope. After the termination of his apprenticeship, he removed to London, for the purpose of walking the hospitals. He now became intimate with Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, Haydon, Godwin, and others; and Mr Ollier published for him his first volume of poems, which attracted no attention. He passed his examination at Apothecaries' Hall with some credit; but as soon as he entered on the practical part of his business, he saw that his sensibility rendered him unfit for it, and he was thus thrown upon the world arm in arm between poetry and poverty.

He now went to the Isle of Wight and other parts of the country, and began seriously to labour at his poem of 'Endymion.' His correspondence (May 1817) is full of this work, and of his doubts and fears. 'I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is, how great things are to be gained by it, what a thing to be in the mouth of fame, that at last the idea has grown so monstrously beyond my seeming power of attainment, that the other day I nearly consented with myself to drop into a Phaeton.... Does Shelley go on telling "strange stories of the deaths of kings?" Tell him there are strange stories of the deaths of poets. Some have died before they were conceived. "How do you make that out, Master Vellum?" His personal appearance about this time is thus described by a lady:—"His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side his face; his mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness—it had an ex-

* Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. Moxon: London. 1848.

pression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen—it was so wide over the forehead, and so small at the chin. He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him.' Mr Milnes says—'His habitual gentleness made his occasional looks of indignation almost terrible: on one occasion, when a gross falsehood respecting the young artist Severn was repeated and dwelt upon, he left the room, declaring "He should be ashamed to sit with men who could utter and believe such things." On another occasion, hearing of some unworthy conduct, he burst out—"Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?"' This quickness of feeling was evidenced on the occasion of his repeating to Wordsworth the hymn to Pan in 'Endymion.' The Christian poet merely remarked that 'It was a pretty piece of paganism;' and Keats took the seeming contempt more to heart than the after abuse of the 'Quarterly' or the ridicule of 'Blackwood.'

In 1818 his independence of spirit is thus finely shown in a remonstrance to the objections of his friends to his having a preface to the 'Endymion.' 'I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men. When I am writing for myself, for the mere sake of the moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me; but a preface is written to the public—a thing I cannot help looking upon as an enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of hostility. If I write a preface in a supple or subdued style, it will not be in character with me as a public speaker. I would be subdued before my friends, and thank them for subduing me; but among multitudes of men I have no feel of stooping—I hate the idea of humility to them. I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought.' After all, 'this first sustained work,' says Mr Milnes, 'of a man whose undoubted genius was idolised by a circle of affectionate friends, whose weaknesses were rather encouraged than repressed by the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived, who had rarely been enabled to measure his spiritual stature with that of persons of other schools of thought and habits of mind, appears to have been produced with a humility that the severest criticism might not have engendered.' Jeffrey, when too late (in 1820), pronounced the poem to be as full of genius as absurdity, and described it as 'a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm.' Byron was thrown into a fever of jealous rage by this encomium, in which he talked of 'the drivelling idiotism of the manikin Keats;' but in after years, when the poor youth was no longer in his way, he made the *amende honorable*, and pronounced the fragment of 'Hyperion' to seem 'actually inspired by the Titans;' and to be 'as sublime as *Æschylus*.'

This noble poem was begun at the close of 1818, but never finished. The ode 'to the Nightingale' and 'to a Grecian Urn' followed; and in 1819 the 'Eve of St Agnes' and other pieces. While occupied in this way, he received a L.25 note in a letter by the post, the sender of which he never discovered. This year he determined to endeavour to subsist by writing for the periodicals; and taking lodgings in London, he plunged into work and into dreams from which he was soon to be awakened. 'One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement—it might have appeared to those who did not know him one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little fevered, but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed, and as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed, and said, "That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle; let me see this blood." He gazed steadfastly for some moments at the

ruddy stain, and then looking in his friend's face with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, "I know the colour of that blood—it is arterial blood: I cannot be deceived in that colour: that drop is my death-warrant. I must die!" He got better—worse—better—worse again—alas! in the old routine; and then he was recommended to go to Italy. When Haydon went to bid him farewell, he 'recorded in his journal the terrible impression of this visit: the very colouring of the scene struck forcibly on the painter's imagination; the white curtains, the white sheets, the white shirt, and the white skin of his friend, all contrasted with the bright hectic flush on his cheek, and heightened the sinister effect: he went away hardly hoping.'

Before following him abroad, we must advert to a passage which throws a romantic yet terrible hue upon the last year of the poet's life. At his first interview with the nameless lady we have alluded to, he describes her thus:—'She is not a Cleopatra, but is at least a Charmian: she has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes, and fine manners. When she comes into the room she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess. She is too fine and too conscious of herself to repulse any man who may address her: from habit, she thinks that *nothing particular*. I always find myself more at ease with such a woman: the picture before me always gives me a life and animation which I cannot possibly feel with anything inferior. I am at such times too much occupied in admiring, to be awkward or in a tremble: I forget myself entirely, because I live in her. You will by this time think I am in love with her; so, before I go any farther, I will tell you I am not. She kept me awake one night, as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and an amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very "yes" and "no" of whose life is to me a banquet.' This was in October 1818; and in this same month in the following year Mr Milnes describes the irresistible influence she exercised over him. 'She, whose name

"Was ever on his lips,
But never on his tongue,"

exercised too mighty a control over his being for him to remain at a distance, which was neither absence nor presence, and he soon returned to where at least he could rest his eyes on her habitation, and enjoy each chance opportunity of her society.' When in the vessel which was about to carry him from the shores of England, Keats writes thus to his true friend and patron Mr Brown:—'There is one I must mention, and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for, will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health, it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I dare say you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house? I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators; but death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is past. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss — when I am dead. You think she has many faults, but for my sake, think she has not one. If there is anything you can do for her by word or deed, I know you will do it.'

And again he writes from Naples, where he had arrived with his friend Severn:—'The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—

I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her. I see her!—I hear her! There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England: I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now!—oh that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her: to see her handwriting would break my heart—even to hear of her anyhow: to see her name written would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? Where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*)—if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if—

Keats did not like Naples. He felt that he was dying, and appears to have laboured under the restlessness which so often induces persons in this state to change even their bedroom. Arrived at Rome, a letter of introduction to Dr (now Sir James) Clark obtained from him and his lady the affectionate attention which might have been expected from the character of these estimable persons. In a letter to Mr Brown—supposed to be his last letter—he declares that he has a habitual feeling of his real life being past, and that he is leading a posthumous existence. After this, the melancholy news is from the pen of his devoted friend Severn. On the 14th December 1820 the patient was seized anew with an alarming vomiting of blood. 'Not a single thing will he digest, yet he keeps on craving for food. Every day he raves he will die from hunger, and I've been obliged to give him more than was allowed. His imagination and memory present every thought to him in horror: the recollection of "his good friend Brown," of "his four happy weeks spent under her care," of his sister and brother. Oh, he will mourn over all to me whilst I cool his burning forehead, till I tremble for his intellects.'

'Jan. 15th, 1821, half-past eleven.—Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him, and read to him, to his very last wink; he has been saying to me—"Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention: you don't know what you are reading. You are enduring for me more than I would have you. Oh that my last hour was come!" Then came the misery of want of money, which it was necessary to conceal from Keats, 'as that would kill him at a word.' His letters were now unopened: 'they tear him to pieces—he dare not look on the outside of any more.'

'He would not hear that he was better; the thought of recovery is beyond everything dreadful to him: we now dare not perceive any improvement, for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have. . . . Such a letter has come! I gave it to Keats, supposing it to be one of yours, but it proved sadly otherwise. The glance at that letter tore him to pieces; the effects were on him for many days. He did not read it—he could not—but requested me to place it in his coffin, together with a purse and a letter (unopened) of his sister's; since then, he has told me not to place that letter in his coffin, only his sister's purse and letter, and some hair. . . . Last night I thought he was going; I could hear the phlegm in his throat; he bade me lift him up in the bed, or he would die with pain. I watched him all night, expecting him to be suffocated at every cough. This morning, by the pale daylight, the change in him frightened me: he has sunk in the last three days to a most ghastly look. Though Dr Clark has prepared me for the worst,

I shall be ill able to bear it. I cannot bear to be set free, even from this my horrible situation by the loss of him. I am still quite precluded from painting, which may be of consequence to me. Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me, they close gently, open quietly, and close again, till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies: and why did I say I was losing my time? The advantages I have gained by knowing John Keats are double and treble any I could have won by any other occupation.' And now all is over. 'Feb. 27th.—He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the twenty-third, about four, the approaches of death came on. "Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come." I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death, so quiet, that I still thought he slept.'

The Protestant cemetery of Rome where Keats was laid is on a grassy slope among the ruins of the Honorian walls of the city. He had a passion for flowers, and there they grow, violets and daisies covering his resting-place the whole year through. What a blessed change! There, in that lonely spot, sleeps the dust of the immortal, while the living world is filled, as before, with withered hopes, vain aspirations, white quivering lips, and breaking hearts.

'Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness:
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copes dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness;
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,
And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Favilloning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! Too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?'

Thus the Adonais; and a few years after this exquisite elegy was written, there was placed near the grave of Keats another tombstone, 'recording that below rested the passionate and world-worn heart' of the author, Shelley, in these expressive words, '*Cor Cordium*.' We must now force ourselves away from this strangely fascinating subject, concluding too brief an article with the eloquent words in which Mr Milnes has brought to an end his labour of love. 'Let no man, who is in anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or understood: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence, must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue—these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few: still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series

of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for, if they once coincided, the problem of Life would be solved, and the hope, which we call heaven, would be realised on earth. And therefore men

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

THE NOBLE COOKS.

'We never know what we can do till we try,' and 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' are two time-honoured adages, which, contrary to the usual fate of ancient saws, are fully as often practised as preached. Certainly if there be truth in the latter one, poor Necessity is the parent of a very queer and incongruous progeny; and if 'the age of miracles' be past, 'the age of inventions' is surely present. Our business just now, however, is not with such lofty excursions up the hill of science as are every day undertaken by the master-spirits of the age, but rather with a lowly, though adventurous descent, into the culinary regions, accomplished by knights, and lords, and ladies fair.

It happened some years ago that a lady of the highest rank in Paris, named Madame B——, had assembled in her château sixty distinguished personages. The entertainment was given in honour of the Prussian ambassador; and the Luxembourg, the Palais-Bourbon, and the diplomatic body, all had their representatives among the guests. Every one had arrived; and 'the trying half-hour' before dinner passed in brilliant chat. A consul-general recounted some scenes in the private life of Ibrahim Pacha; while a deputy from Languedoc drew laughter—loud as ever came from lips polite—from the group who surrounded him, as he read aloud a letter just received from one of his electors. The worthy informed him he had two camels, which he knew not what to do with, and modestly requested the deputy to sell them at a high price to government for the Garden of Plants. 'It won't cost the country much,' he added, 'and will secure you my vote.'

Madame B—— was passing from one to another of her guests with the most bewitching grace, when suddenly she perceived her head butler making telegraphic signals towards her from behind the door.

'What's the matter?' said she, approaching him.

'Ah, madame, a great mishap!' cried he, clasping his hands.

'What is it?'

'The cook is tipsy—indeed so very drunk, that he has not even caused fires to be lighted. If he could even set about preparing dinner now, it would take four hours to make ready.'

By this time the guests' appetite had become sharp, and diplomatic stomachs were in question. Madame B—— remained calm and serene. It was impossible to avoid the difficulty; so she met it with a smiling face.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said she, addressing the company, 'I invited you to dinner, but there is no dinner to be had: I have this moment learned that my cook is intoxicated; and if we want to have the table covered, we must turn cooks ourselves.'

The proposal was received with enthusiastic applause. The Prussian ambassador immediately turned up his sleeves; all the others followed his example, and amid merry peals of laughter they descended *en masse* to the kitchen.

The cook was seated in an arm-chair, looking as red as a turkey-cock, and as immovable as a sphinx. Around him were plenty of saucepans and stewpans, but not a vestige of anything eatable. 'Conquer or die!' was their motto; and they conquered.

A peer of the realm was placed in charge of the spit; two ministerial deputies watched the frying-pans; three secretaries to the embassy were promoted to mix

the sauces; and two presidents of the courts-royal were set to skim the pot. Seven or eight admirals and generals waged valiant warfare on the poultry-yard, and came off victorious with twenty dozen eggs, and chickens and ducks innumerable.

All the ladies declared that they were perfectly versed in making omelets; accordingly there was no end to these dainties. The most remarkable were, an omelet with rum by a duchess, an omelet with truffles by a marchioness, an omelet with asparagus by a viscountess, and a sweet omelet by a baroness.

Madame B—— maintained order in all departments of the service; she reserved to herself the seasoning of the ragoûts.

And how they did laugh!

'Where's the vinegar?' cried a consul.

'A little parsley for my capon!' shouted a chargé-d'affaires.

'Salt and pepper, if you please!' demanded a secretary of state.

'Flour for me!' vociferated the attorney-general.

After the omelets, there still remained so many eggs, that the ladies set to work and prepared fried eggs, boiled eggs, sliced eggs, and eggs beaten up in froth.

While these active preparations were progressing, the cook tried now and then to rise, but sank down again with a heavy sigh. Then he would follow with his drooping eyes the gentlemen in black coats, and the ladies in satin robes, all protected with napkins, feeling totally unable to comprehend this invasion of his empire.

At ten o'clock Madame B—— announced, in the midst of general enthusiasm, that dinner was ready; and shortly after they all sat down to table.

Every one had earned a dinner and an appetite, and the dishes were pronounced by acclamation excellent. Seldom was a banquet so thoroughly enjoyed; and at a late hour the illustrious guests separated, in good-humour with each other, with their hostess, and with themselves.

Next morning, when the valet of Madame B—— awoke from his lethargy, he called for a sword to pierce his breast; but being able to find nothing better than a carving-knife, that professional implement seemed to him an ignoble instrument of death; and on second thoughts, he resolved to live.

THE WAKALAHs, OR COMMERCIAL HOTELS OF EGYPT.

EVERY one who writes about the East, thinks it incumbent on him to say something of the bazaars, or *business-quarters* of the great towns, but rarely, if ever, is any notice taken of the *wakalahs*. It is very easy to mount a donkey, and, riding through the streets of Cairo, for example, examine in a cursory manner the aspect of the shops, the nature of the goods exposed for sale, the appearance of the traders, who seem sitting for their portraits within them, and the varied costumes of the crowds that stream by. The picture is a striking one, and easy to paint. First, grocers, with their piles of sugar, and coffee, and sweetmeats, and yellow and red and white tapers; then pipe-sellers, with their cherry-sticks, and their jasmynes, and their cheap maples, plain, or ornamented with silk coverings and tassels, and with cases of costly mouthpieces; next come the dealers in manufactures, as cotton-prints, muslins, shawls, swinging flauntingly from poles thrust out overhead; farther on we see carpets, and silks and brocades in odd juxtaposition with Damascus swords; afterwards Morocco shoes or Stambouli slippers; here Fez caps, there burnouses, with now and then a money-changer watching over his strong chest of old carved wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Generally speaking, the persons who sit in the bazaars are men of small capital, with stocks that can be taken in at one single glance, but which are constantly re-

plished by dealings with the wealthier traders, who are to be found in the wakālahs. The plan is, to take a shop—often a mere recess, some six feet broad by four or five deep—furnish it with an assortment of goods more or less meagre, and gradually to increase the stock as profits come in. It often happens that a wealthy merchant finds it his interest to give credit to a young man entering on business, in which case he considers himself as a sort of joint proprietor, comes in to see how his protégé is getting on, watches how sales progress, interferes in every bargain, sometimes praising the articles on sale with the indifference of a mere spectator, sometimes recommending a reduction of price, sometimes fomenting a wordy war between the dealer and an obstinate customer, who will neither pay the price asked nor go elsewhere. In this way the men of the bazaars frequently sink down into the mere agents of the men of the wakālahs; and these latter deserve, consequently, some notice, if we would form a correct idea of the way in which commerce is carried on in the East.

The wakālahs are, properly speaking, places of resort for *tajirs*, or merchants—as all persons travelling with a view to business are called in the East—and combine the advantages of a warehouse and a hotel. They are always built round a quadrangular court. In general the ground-floor, or rather basement, is allotted to the reception of merchandise, whilst above are lodging-houses and suites of apartments of all sizes. Cairo possesses nearly two hundred of these establishments—many, however, no longer retaining their original character—distributed through its various quarters. They are easily recognised in passing along the streets, the usual line of shops being broken by a vast portal, disclosing an extensive courtyard, and generally obstructed with merchandise, upon or near which a few strangers may be seen sitting smoking their pipes, and enjoying the sight of the busy crowds going by. These are generally new-comers from Arabia, from Barbary, or from Turkey, and are more numerous about the time of the departure or return of the pilgrim caravan.

Either in the doorway, or in a little recess, you may generally see the *kafass*, or large crate made of palm branches, on which the *bacab*, or porter, spreads his carpet at night. It is ten to one, also, that the old gentleman will himself be there, exchanging whiffs out of a dingy jasmine pipe with some grinning black, or handsome Berber, or sullen Moghrebbi. Farther on you may see the narrow entrance of a gloomy passage, where you stumble upon a set of steps of all heights, breadths, and inclinations, leading to the upper part of the wakālah.

Let us, however, first enter the courtyard, which the great portal has disclosed to us. It is surrounded by a colonnade below and an open gallery above—the intercommunications, if I may use the word, terminating for the most part in a pointed arch. Higher up, the building is very irregular—lofty here, low there, with one, two, or three storeys, a *kiosk* hanging over one corner, a hencoop rising at another. In Alexandria, it is common to observe massive pillars and capitals of rose-coloured granite—the fragments of the ancient city—used to support the gallery, and contrasting strikingly with the rough hasty work of the rest of the structure. In the centre of the court, beneath a graceful cupola, there is often a basin of water, used by the lodgers and hangers-on for their ablutions. The interior view of a wakālah, therefore, is not at all unpicturesque. The recesses, the doorways of various heights and sizes, the galleries, the irregular projections, the fantastic architectural ornaments, the latticed windows, the balconies, form a far from disagreeable whole, especially when animated by groups in great variety of costume—merchants exhibiting the contents of their bales to a crowd of competing shopkeepers; porters hanging about ready for a job; camels kneeling here, a richly-caparisoned horse or mule pawing the ground there; a veiled lady, followed by her *fellaha*, or servant,

sailing by in a cloud of fluttering silks and satins; Abyssinian or Galla girls, with broad grins upon their faces, leaning over the parapets above. In a country where an attempt is made to conceal the most elegant women, there must ever be an air of mystery about the houses. However common the white veils, and henna-dyed fingers, and flashing eyes may be in the streets, one always imagines there must be something inexpressibly lovely hid behind each jealously-closed shutter. The fancy in such cases works powerfully, at least it did with me; and perhaps this is the reason why the old tumble-down houses of Cairo, which lean all ways, but never deviate into the perpendicular, were invested in my eyes with a romantic character which some persons seem totally to have missed.

As I have said, the ground-floor of the wakālah is entirely occupied by warehouses and magazines, generally vaulted, and very secure. If possible, each of these is allotted to some particular merchant, who takes it for a certain time, and sometimes affixes his seal; but several stocks are often accumulated in one chamber, and it happens, though rarely, that depredation and pilfering take place. In summer, the poorer merchants spread their mats under the colonnade, and thus achieve the double object of saving and of watching their property; others go outside to lodge, and put up at coffee-shops, or with friends; others, again, take houses in the wakālah itself, establishing themselves there with their harems, and often staying a considerable time, either until the whole of their stock is sold, or until they determine to try their fortune at another place.

The classes of people who frequent these establishments are very various. Some are mere Egyptians, engaged in the trade between the villages and the towns. These bring wheat, barley, beans, cotton, flax, &c. all in small quantities; for the principal part of the trade is a monopoly. Others come from Upper Egypt, from Nubia, from Dorgola; others again from Sennaar, Kordofan, Abyssinia, and Darfur, and bring senna, precious gums, gold dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, koorbashes, tamarind cakes, and slaves. All the towns on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea have also their representatives in the wakālahs of Cairo: the coffee trade is of course an important one, employing many merchants, and there is a considerable importation of spices, frankincense, &c. The Syrian silk manufactures and tobacco are chiefly distributed by Levantines, of whom there are always immense numbers in Egypt, some settled, others merely on business visits. The majority of the latter, however, do not put up in the wakālahs; but, like the Jews, generally bring letters of introduction to some private family. From Constantinople, and all the principal towns of Asia Minor, numerous Turks come to Egypt with great varieties of merchandise—as amber, swords, and other arms; white-lead, copper, ropes, charcoal, firewood, timber; drugs, as opium and hasheesh; gold thread, dried fruits, mastic, olive-oil, silk, salt provisions, soap, yellow slippers and red shoes, pipe-bowls, tobacco and cigars, *avgadehs*, or prayer-carpets, embroidered napkins, dye-stuffs, wines and arrack, sulphur, &c. Vessels laden with cattle often come from Karamania; and from Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, and most of the islands of the Archipelago, little Greek schooners run over occasionally, with their decks crowded with bearded tajirs, each owning a few parcels of dried fruits or skins of oil. From Barbary a great number of traders bring about twelve thousand dozens of tarbooshes, or red caps, annually, a small quantity of other manufactures, shoes and slippers of Morocco leather, some wool, with *ihrams*, or blankets, *burnouses*, white and black, carpets, dye-stuffs, saffron, and sulphur: Persians with costly shawls; Hindoos with precious stones, silks, and muslins; and even Chinese, are sometimes to be encountered in the wakālahs.

This is not the place to give an account of the formation and progress of the caravans. It will be suffi-

cient to state, that after traversing perhaps thousands of miles of desert in a comparatively compact mass, they generally break up on their arrival in Cairo, each trader repairing to the locality where the articles he brings are usually stored. Thus, although the wakálahs were intended to be miscellaneous depôts, many of them have gradually become set apart for particular classes of merchandise; so that there are rice wakálahs, and wheat wakálahs, and date wakálahs, and manufacture wakálahs; and especially slave wakálahs. All sorts of articles, however, are temporarily stowed away in the courtyards of these buildings, which are often encumbered with bales, barrels, and especially with huge millstones, cut from the quarries of Gebel-el-Ahmar. Many are no longer resorted to by commerce; and long rows of tailors' and shoemakers' shops may be seen under the colonnades.

I have already hinted that the time when the greatest quantity of merchandise is brought to be stored in the wakálahs is on the arrival of the pilgrim caravan, especially the outward-bound one. The Orientals continue to reconcile their interests with their devotions; and it is very rarely that they do not enter into speculations both in going to the sacred city and in returning. At anyrate they think it proper that they should reimburse the expenses of the journey, and bring home some presents for their friends. The dangers to which they expose their lives they consider sufficiently meritorious without any pecuniary sacrifice. It is vulgarly believed in Egypt that the pilgrims are always well provided with money; and I have often sat with the native merchants, and observed those holy men, though poor and ragged in appearance, making extensive purchases, generally without the furious bargaining which distinguishes the Egyptians. These are of course not the regular traders, but people who, according to the established custom, wish to indemnify themselves by a little investment for the cost of their pilgrimage. Some of the more uncivilised Moghrebis bring nothing but jars of oil, which they will only sell for Spanish dollars; others barter their wares for shawls and silks, which they dispose of no doubt at an enormous profit in their own country.

The portion of the wakálah buildings which may be compared to a hotel is situated over the magazines, and is sometimes divided into as many as thirty or forty houses, all of which have separate entrances from the gallery, which, as I have said, runs round the whole quadrangle, and receives light and air from the courtyard. This gallery is seldom regular or handsomely built, though its proportions are sometimes majestic. Many of the wakálahs belong to a single proprietor, others are divided amongst several. Rent is very low, but is always paid in advance. The houses are never furnished, but all that is required is generally bought by the travellers, who are satisfied with a few mats, carpets, blankets, and rugs, cooking utensils, boxes, &c. Those who find it necessary, on account of their having their women with them, take a whole house to themselves, setting apart the upper rooms, often reached by a steep, tortuous staircase, ending in a sort of trap-door, for the harem and their more portable and precious articles of merchandise, whilst they reserve the lower portion for their own use. A *ségradeh*, and a few cushions arranged in a raised recess, or upon a *kafass*, form the divan upon which the merchant, often a man of considerable wealth, receives visits of compliment or business. A slave or servant is always at hand to present coffee and pipes; and in these matters alone is any luxury displayed. Not uncommonly a party fortuitously collected take a house in common, each spreading his mat in a different room, whilst some coffee-shop awhile serves as a place of *réunion*. To this they repair very early in the morning—all Orientals rise betimes—and obtain for ten *paras* (little more than a halfpenny) a cup of coffee, and a *shisheh* or *gozeh*—the first the regular water-pipe, like the hookah; the second the Egyptian *narghileh*, with a cocoa-nut instead of a

glass or metal bell, and a straight tube formed of cane instead of a flexible tube or snake. The luxurious Syrians pass the smoke through iced water; but this is a refinement unknown in Cairo.

After partaking of the morning meal, the denizens of the wakálah disperse through the bazaars, in order to buy and sell, visit their debtors, receive money, or ascertain the state of the market. At noon, the more prosperous or extravagant return to enjoy a *pilau* or a dish of *bamias*; whilst others sit down wherever they may find themselves, and are content with bread and cheese, perhaps with a water-melon or a handful of dates. A siesta generally follows, and then business occupies them until sunset, when the great meal of the day takes place. In the evening, nearly all repair to a coffee-shop, where they end, as they began, with Mokka and Gebeli, talk about money or merchandise, brag of the wealth of their fathers, and of their own poverty, or listen to the performances of some professional singer or story-teller.

An incident that came under my own observation may be selected as an illustration of the accidents which strangers who put up in the wakálahs are in the way of encountering. Near the entrance gate of one of these buildings there was a coffee-shop, kept by one Ibn Daood, whose good *tumbak* (the tobacco smoked in shishehs) used often to lure me into spending half an hour with him. Close at hand was a little cobbler's stall. It was a dull season, and the wakálah was nearly deserted; so that almost the only customers for the half-dozen shishehs and gozehs of the coffee-shops were chance passengers; and the cobbler lacked a regular demand for his labours, there being no red shoes worn with travel requiring his attention. The consequence was, that the cobbler passed half his time in the coffee-shop, spending his savings, and having his ears tickled by the interested sympathy of Ibn Daood, who pocketed several *khamsehs*, or five-para pieces, daily by the circumstance. Whenever I stepped in and took my seat on a *kafass* within ear-shot of these two worthies, I invariably found that their talk was of wealth, and I heard their tongues discourse glibly of sums which it never entered into my imagination to covet. The whole worldly possessions of one seemed to be a few pipes, a coffee-pot or two, some small palm branch *kafasses*, and a huge earthen pot, that, standing in one corner of the shop, with a cooling bottle beside it, was daily filled with water, sometimes flavoured with mastic, for the gratuitous use of any passer-by who chose to step in. The cobbler's stock in trade was smaller still. He had a sharp knife, an iron block to cut out leather upon, a few red sheep-skins, a couple of awls, and the clothes he stood up in; and he used to sleep sometimes on one of Ibn Daood's benches, sometimes with the *bawab* of the wakálah, sometimes in his own little stall. And yet these two miserable beings dared to raise their hopes to millions of golden pieces, to spend them in imagination, and, with remarkable consciousness of their own Arab characters, to contemplate a return in their old age to their primitive humble employments. It did not strike me at the moment that these enervating aspirations might lead to the commission of crime; but I amused myself by listening to their wild speculation, and sometimes joined in the dialogue. My Frank scepticism, however, was not at all pleasing to their heated fancies. At length a third dreamer joined the party. This was a coffee-pounder, who used to stop, with his pestle and mortar, to ask for work, and generally to get none.

Things were going on in this way when, one day, three camels heavily laden, and one with a *tachterwan*, or awning, covered closely with carpets, were seen slowly turning into the wakálah. The whole party happened to be collected, and by an instinctive movement of curiosity went to stare at the new arrival. '*Aysh fee khabar?*'—['What is the news?'] I inquired of Ibn Daood on his return. 'A merchant from the Moghreb (west),' said he, 'with his harem; four bales

of tarbooshes; some carpets, worth each two hundred dollars; and pearls and precious stones.'

Nearly all this was gratuitous assumption on the part of Ibn Daood; but the cobbler and the coffee-pounder supported his asseverations; so I had nothing to say, and not feeling particularly interested in the matter, went about my business. Two or three days afterwards, again passing that way, I saw a stranger in the coffee-shop. He had a large white turban, a good-humoured, handsome countenance, and a curly black beard; but his clothes were rather seedy, and his feet were bare. Ibn Daood was boiling a small pot of coffee, which he held in one hand, whilst his face was turned eagerly towards the stranger, who was holding forth; the cobbler and the coffee-pounder sat near, also attentively listening. I went in, made my salaam, and soon found that this was the merchant from the west. He had preceded by some days the great caravan from Tripoli, and was of course bound for Mecca. It now appeared that Ibn Daood had originally come from the same country—the same town, in fact, as the stranger; had claimed acquaintance with him; and was listening to a pompous promise of protection. I did not like the looks of the trio as the good gentleman dilated, with verdant simplicity, on his mercantile good luck, but of course held my peace.

It was some time before I went that way again. When I did so, I found a crowd collected round the door of the wakalah; and working my way through it, saw the coffee-shop and the stall deserted, the furniture broken and scattered, a soldier mounting guard in each, and numerous groups in eager conversation around. I asked what was the matter; but could only learn that something evil had happened. At length a Jew money-changer, who was sitting in his little shop opposite, beckoned to me; and when I had seated myself by his side, spoke as follows:—

'Young sir, I perceive you are interested in what has taken place; I will tell you the news. Ibn Daood is the greatest rascal in the world, and the cobbler and the coffee-pounder are greater rascals than he.'

'That is a misfortune,' I threw in, 'for I have often sat talking with them.'

'Very true,' said my new friend, 'I have seen you do so; but you will not talk with them again. You remember the merchant that arrived from the west before the new moon?'

'I do.'

'Well, you must know that he was a fool, and boasted of having monies. God knows, I should not boast of riches if I were rich! He arrived with two thousand piastres in his belt, and twenty thousand piastres worth of merchandise, besides a beautiful slave. He used to go into the *sooq* (bazaar) every day, and sit with the merchants, and sell his goods in small parcels for ready money, putting what he received into his belt, and boasting of it to Ibn Daood, and to the cobbler, and to the coffee-pounder. The other day he sold the slave—her name was Nefessa, and she was like the moon—for ten thousand piastres, all which he put into his belt. Now you must know that Ibn Daood had gained his confidence because he came from the same town; and the day before yesterday, as they were sitting together after sunset, spoke to him about a hidden treasure, the locality of which is known, but which can only be got at by an incantation. The Moghrebbis are very famous magicians, and the merchant Abdallah said he knew seven verses which could not be resisted. Being a learned man, too, he could write *tarshoom*, and all the other charms. So last night the four went out together to the tomb of Sultan Berkook, near which they opened a trench and lighted a fire; and the merchant, having written and burnt the necessary papers, began to chant. But it will never be known whether or not there was a treasure; for he had scarcely uttered ten words, when the coffee-pounder hit him with his pestle over the head, and knocked him down.'

'They killed him!' I exclaimed.

'They thought they had, and were about to take his belt, when two Greeks came up and frightened them away. The guard of the gates was then called; Abdallah recovered and denounced the assassins; and this morning they have been arrested, and their chattels destroyed. May misfortune come to them!'

I afterwards heard that the three criminals were taken before the kadi, and pleaded a whisper from Satan as an excuse for their attempt at murder. They were all sent to the galleys; whilst the merchant Abdallah, who, it is to be hoped, learned a little prudence by this adventure, proceeded on his journey to the Holy City.

CANCER SAID TO BE CURED BY MESMERISM.

THE October number of a periodical work called the *Zoist* contains an account by Dr Elliotson of a case of cancer alleged to be cured by mesmerism. The patient, Miss Barber, presented herself to Dr E. in March 1843, with an intensely hard tumour in the breast, of about a year and a-half's standing. The doctor commenced subjecting her to mesmeric treatment, with a view to her being rendered insensible to the pain of the operation which he then thought inevitable. After daily 'passes' for a month, she attained a slight degree of 'susceptibility'; her pains during this time and for some months after lessened, and she improved in complexion; but the disease still went on; and many surgeons who saw the breast declared it a case of decided cancer, for which nothing could be done but excision of the part. Dr Elliotson continued to throw her into the mesmeric sleep every day during the ensuing winter, and she at length became liable to fall into a state of perfect rigidity, during which her arms, unconsciously on her part, would follow those of the operator, from whose fingers on those occasions she beheld a stream of colourless fluid passing towards her. The summer of 1844 saw her pain diminished, her strength increased, the cancerous sallowness gone, and a warty-looking substance had dropped from the breast, leaving a sound smooth surface.

In autumn, Dr Elliotson being abroad on a tour, the operations were performed by another person, but less regularly. The bad symptoms then returned with great virulence, and the diseased mass was found to have adhered to the ribs. Regular operations being resumed, an improvement recommenced; and in the summer of 1846 the pain had entirely ceased. During 1847 the disease steadily gave way. The mass had not only become much less, but detached from the ribs. At length, during the present year, under the constant daily practice of the mesmeric passes, the cancer has been pronounced to be '*entirely dissipated*'; the breast is perfectly flat; the skin rather thicker and firmer than before the disease existed. Not the smallest lump is now to be found; nor is there the slightest tenderness of the bosom or armpit.' The quondam patient lives at Mrs Gower's, No. 12 New Street, Dorset Square, open to any examination or interrogation on the subject.

Assuming that the account of the case is correct, it is certainly a remarkable one. Here, fortunately for the mesmerists, there ought to be no dubiety about the means of the cure; for cancer is universally regarded by the profession as incurable by anything but the knife, and the knife, as we see, has not been employed. The doctors will scoff; but is scoffing in such a case strictly rational? Would it not be better to investigate, and ascertain if there be not, in certain operations inferring a nervous intercommunication, a sanatory influence capable of effecting great good for suffering humanity? It is surely but the simplest dictate of common sense, as well as benevolent feeling, which would prompt an unprofessional person to point out this course as preferable to the eternal gabble of a barren scepticism.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

'In the course of a ramble in Banffshire in 1843,' says the editor of the *Inverness Courier*, we noticed a rural improvement then commenced by the late Sir George Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch—the reclamation of a tract of waste land about 200 acres in extent, which in some parts was covered with several feet of moss. Last week we revisited the spot, and saw the ground in full occupation as a farm, all thoroughly drained, and producing abundant crops. The works were finished in 1844, and since then, Marypark, as the farm is called, has produced 1400 quarters of grain, exclusive of the present year's crop, besides having each year about forty acres under turnip, and maintaining from seventy to eighty head of cattle. The spirit of agricultural improvement characteristic of the late proprietor has descended to his son, Sir John Macpherson Grant, who has already laid off a farm adjoining Marypark of about 100 acres, one-fifth of which will be in crop next year. He has also improved forty-five other acres by trenching and thorough-draining. The tenants on the estate have caught the contagion, and one of the number (Mr Robertson, Burnside) has 120 acres marked for improvement, two-thirds of which are to be trenched, thorough-drained, and enclosed. He expects the whole to be completed in about two years from the present time. These tenants' improvements are effected by advances made under the drainage act, the government inspector and the proprietor together selecting the portions most likely to yield a good return. Small crofters paying only L.2 of rent share in this advantage the same as large tenants. All is done by contract, and in many cases the tenant or his sons contract for portions of the work, thus earning the means of liming or manuring the land, and putting it into a productive state. The interest demanded by the proprietor is six per cent., but it is not chargeable till after the first crop at Martinmas. These rural improvements have made the estate of Ballindalloch a scene of busy industry for the last year or two. Above two hundred persons were at work, and the general aspect, the amenity, and productiveness of the soil will be all altered for the better. We have occasionally, says the same paper, called attention to the spirited improvements carried on by Mr Rose, farmer, Kirkton on the lands of Leanaichs, rented by him from Culloden, and situated close by the battle-field; and have just learned with very great pleasure that Mr Forbes has marked in a most flattering way his sense of the importance of the labours of Mr Rose. On Saturday, Mr Rose was invited to Culloden House, where an elegant piece of silver plate, valued at fully L.30, was presented to him by his young but excellent landlord. In eight years Mr Rose expended L.6000 on his improvements, and reclaimed two hundred acres of land! His operations were upon Drummossie Muir, but he has carefully abstained from any intrusion upon the graves of those who fell on that fatal field. He has cut on the farms 63,000 yards of drains, or about thirty-six miles!—has erected 5000 yards of double stone dike, and 2700 yards of feal dike, which will be faced with stone; and has laid upon these reclaimed lands 10,000 bolls of lime. In addition to all this, he erected at his own expense, in 1845, a splendid slated farm-stead. When one contrasts such a record as this with the miserable accounts daily received from Ireland, of ejectments, of seizures of crop, of burnings of houses, and of murders that almost invariably follow; and of the poverty and distress prevailing generally wherever the tenant-at-will system exists, it surely says something not only for the spirit of the tenant and the excellence of the landlord, but also something for the superiority of the legal relation betwixt landlord and tenant now general in all the more forward districts of Scotland. No tenant would peril such an amount of money, or carry on plans of improvement so extensive, unless backed and sheltered by a lease. We have little doubt that already Mr Rose has reaped a portion of the reward which is his due.'

MORAL SEASONS.

With many persons the early age of life is passed in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing these vices; and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds.—*D'Arjonna*.

DO OR DON'T.

I hate to see a thing done by halves: if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin*.

TO AN OLD VOLUME OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

My ancient favourite! while I bend
On thee my fascinated gaze,
The voice of some old pleasant friend
Seems talking of my childish days.
Such sweet and mingling memories cling
About the dear familiar page;
Back to my mind they freshly bring
The joys of that light-hearted age.
Time shakes not thine established sway
So long as boys and girls there be;
Forgotten tasks, neglected play,
Will prove thy changeless witchery.
To me what real life they seemed,
While yet thy graphic scenes were new!
Admiring childhood never dreamed
They could be otherwise than true.
I read till twilight's gradual shade
The letters to confusion turned,
Then stooping to the fire I read,
Till eyes and forehead ached and burned.
When bedtime came, the volume lay
Beneath my pillow closed in vain—
I spent the hours till dawn of day
With Crusoe in his lone domain.
Giri as I was, I felt thy spell,
My cherished day-dream for a while,
How I, like thee, should one day dwell
On some far-off unpeopled isle!
Since then, old friend! I've learned too well
How desert islands there may be,
Surrounded by the roar and swell
Of human life's great restless sea.
To be shut out from sympathy,
Unloved, and little understood,
The heart feels all too bitterly
How deep that *real solitude*!
For 'cast away' I too have been;
Just such a lonely spot was mine;
As desolate, although I wren
Not half so *beautiful* as thine.
Its culture was a sickening toil,
For the green things I planted there
Refused to grow in such a soil,
Or withered in the chilling air.
I had my *cats* and *parrots* too,
Bright flutterers with plumage gay,
Who not, like thine, attached and true,
Chattered of love, and flew away.
And those sleek silky *friends* whose stay
Lingered till they could wound no more,
While the rough billows washed away
The few strange footsteps on the shore.
I watched till hope itself was spent,
While some fair bark went heedless by,
And signal after signal sent,
Till distance mocked my straining eye.
Love's language, all unused, grew strange,
Not even a *Friday* turned to me,
I had but God, whose eye can range
O'er field and desert equally.
And now that those dark days are gone,
And that I am at home again,
A life in Eden's bowers *alone*
I feel would be a life of pain.
The loving tone, the kindly glance,
Must be the spirit's longed-for food,
Despite the rose-hue of romance
Which sheds such charms o'er solitude.
Had we no love, no friend to greet,
What would our human nature be?
Sure Heaven's rich anthems rise more sweet
Because they're sung in company!

E. A. G.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. & R. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASSAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

No.

T
EAR
scho
hum
by W
met
was
the
drew
less
at th
a pe
the
one
up
'I
'I d
for
mig
prov
kno
play
indi
the
sha
hol
Ho
be
the
me
du
eve
wa
pu
da
oth
sis
be
wo
hu
cl
us
th
ch
C
m